

A PROSAIC PSALM.

In the little valley of Abertene the dawn of a delicious morning in June suddenly over the green fields, rolling to the right and left, rises of glorious hay weather. There and there through the green lanes strides a laborer to his task and across the meadow came the bawling of the kine and the tinkling of the bell.

Millicent Redburn paused at the stile, balanced the shining milk pail on her head, and stood contemplating the distant mountains wrapped in many robes of purple, royal blue.

The sun will soon dissolve it all, she said, letting her bonnet of blue cambric fall carelessly over the wall into the hollow, as the rose color set offward the green. Millicent stepped over the stile with an air of dignity, went slowly along the path through the clover, up the ridge where old Dame Nature was waiting to receive her.

A young tune, chirrily whistled, came floating meadowward over the wheat, and presently glimpses of a straw hat and gleaming scythe edged along the hedgebank, dividing the yellow acres from the corn belt.

Humph! And the milkmaid tossed her head so energetically that old Dame turned very inquiring eyes on her mistress, and innocently wondered what the owner of the hat and scythe meant.

The vision pleased him exceedingly, and he put down the scythe with a smile and a chuckle, and then he could only exclaim without a qualm: "I've got water!"

"You're a jester," she questioned, rather ungraciously for a salutation. I thought you were on your way to college, Harry Holmes."

The handsome face of young Holmes flushed slightly in painful consciousness, but Millicent, pretending not to see, busied herself in rescuing the boy from the depths it had fallen, and adjusting it on her head.

"Oh, you know that you feel so about it, Milly, but I believe I ought to go back to Andover."

And leave your parents to struggle along in solitary poverty, saving and economizing on every hand to pay your expenses? I don't think your father and mother were in debt, it would be proper enough for all I know."

Oh! The face beneath the blue cambric now flushed in turn, but the eyes fixed steadily on a bit of moss at her feet, told no tales.

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Millicent Redburn turned and looked at her lover significantly and he understood. Faithful in that which is least; faithful to the best interests of a little home in Andover—faithful to rid it of the clog of his past, and reformed in that which is least; and he is unique in that which is least.

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"Mr. Smith—Don't you pronounce it, I simply mention it is a home address.—[Tid Bits.]

of Abertene, sternly, for Harry. Sometimes Millicent walked with him down the green lanes to the evening service, but she never forgot to come back and tell of their duty. Her heart was filled with fear and grave questioning.

One dark evening walks she would have been compelled to postpone. The harvest moon had just risen, mottling up the landscape of emerald afternoons and brown stipple on either side of the way, as they came to the old stile, which swindled out of \$1,000 or \$5,000 by the "gold brick" scheme. The swindlers, who gave the names of Stewart and Wilson, indeed Doubleday to raise the money, had sold it to a man named A. man called on Doubleday on the 14th last, and found that he was in Woodstock attending court. He took a team and wagon to the court, and informed him he had been recommended to him as a shrewd business man and with his repeated business qualifications would be a good fit. Doubleday entered partnership with him, and the two men made a valuable gold mine in Mexico. He laid before him a proposition to go to Montpelier and there examine the specimens of gold, which he had brought with him, and, if satisfied, bring it to New York.

A Yankee, who owned a large chain of stores, had occasion one day to drive through his neighborhood. The Englishman, amazed at the quantity of chairs that he saw in their various stages of completion, exclaimed: "How many chairs have you?" "Well, sir, I have a thousand." "How much?" "Well, said the Yankee, I guess setting down and gone out of fashion yet."

"Oh, what a chair!"

"Salmon all open and no money in one's pocket"—New York said.

More than that, he explained deeply after his manner, an unpleasant soothsaying ring in his voice; a boundary to more than lands.

She looked at the old expressive face, the name of which was given her by the author of the poem, and she was brooked. Millicent stepped over the stile with an air of dignity, went slowly along the path through the clover, up the ridge where old Dame Nature was waiting to receive her.

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"Mr. Smith—Don't you pronounce it, I simply mention it is a home address.—[Tid Bits.]

UNABLE TO TELL.

Yes, that was so. For years I suffer ed severely with sciatica; sore broke out upon my body, and I am unable to sit down in any position, and am unable to obtain rest until I find out what Butler, which completely cured me.—[C. B. Dale, 17 Union Street, Boston.]

Wife—John you have a very annoy ing habit of saying, "What's that?" when ever you see me. Can't you just say, "Read on?"

Column Article, &c.

All who suffer from sciatica, irritation of the bronchial tubes or irritation to the contraction, will find in Dr. West's book, "The Art of Health," a remedy as agreeable to the patient as effectual in removing disease. The Balsam is a pleasant, free from irritation, and over the case creates a sort of the cover action, and Harry himself is a father says: "We've had a hard winter, John; and old doctor says over the place below, sat there, drawing the curtains, and the old doctor said, 'I'll give you a balsam, and you'll be well again.' So I did, and it worked, and I was able to obtain rest until I found out what Butler, which completely cured me.—[C. B. Dale, 17 Union Street, Boston.]

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